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THE TEENS.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

What do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer, When we go to business, or to college. Girls will say, When we go out into society, or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

I know that it does not seem so to most people, for boys and girls are more unnoticed at that age than at any other. The baby and the big brother or sister get all the attention, while Master Knee-breeches and Miss Ankle-skirt are crowded into the corner. You are not so interesting just now as you have been, or will be. Your time of blossoms has gone; but your fruit time has not come.

But the life of Jesus, as told in the Gospel, makes much of this time of life. The only thing that is said about Him after His babyhood until He was thirty years of age was "when He was twelve years old." What He did then is told us because it was a sort of prediction of what He would be and do when He became a man.

The Jews regarded this age as the turning-point in life. Until the boy had passed twelve, he was called a child; after that, a man. He must then learn his trade, put on the phylacteries, begin to study the Talmud or holy books, be called to account for breaking any of the laws of worship, take the name of Ben Hattorah, or son of the law, and go up to the great feast at Jerusalem—which was about equivalent to joining the Church. The Jews also said that this was the age when Moses first refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, when Samuel heard God's call, and when Josiah had his first dream of becoming a great and good king.

Now those old Jews were wise in making so much of the time of going into the teens. A portrait painter once told me that a picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into its shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow into you. A great writer, who has had much to do with *educating boys*, says: "The later life of a man is much more like [illegible] was at school than what he was at college."

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window, and was severely hurt; but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. Not one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said; "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

After the melted iron is poured into the

"THE DAYS KEEP COMING."

"The days keep coming, Mamma," said little Serious Eyes,
As he looked out of the window at the rosy morning skies;
"So many days keep coming, that soon I'll be a man;"
Then Mamma dressed her little boy, and off to play he ran.

He was not a philosopher, this boy of summers three,
But just as full of mischief and frolic as could be;
He loved his rocking-horse and drum, and all his pretty toys,
And was sometimes very naughty, just like other little boys.

But from morning until evening of that long sunny day,
While mamma sat at sewing, and watched her darling play,
To herself she kept repeating what the little rogue had said
When he peeped out from the curtains of his snowy little bed.

"Yes, the days keep coming, darling," she whispered, bending there
To lay her gentle hand upon the tangled golden hair:
"May days for thee keep coming, and growing into years,
And bring thee naught of evil to wake thy Mother's tears!"—*Harper's Young People.*

mould, it is left for a while that it may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for then the surface of the great iron globule, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mould, is cooled, and the shape is set. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mould in which our souls are shaped for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty or indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, you remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle, then let her drift slowly toward the centre of the narrow sluice until the skiff's nose was in smooth water which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with eye, and nerve and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly as a water-snake. Ask your guide why he was so careful at the beginning, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right he can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "go!"

Boys and girls, entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost frighten you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very centre of what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strongest resolution. Vow to yourself, and to God who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip.—*James M. Ludlow, D. D.*

TRUST NOT MISPLACED.

BY REV. J. H. M'CULLAGH.

During the commercial panic of 1837 there lived in the city of W——ton an earnest Christian worker. He had a large family, but was not rich in this world's goods. The denomination of which he was a member had for several years been struggling to complete their house of worship. He being an example unto the brethren, had made large contributions, and ere he was aware had given several thousand dollars to finish the church. Clouds of business depression were now gathering thick, and the storm of ruin was ready to break forth. About this time he bought and shipped a valuable cargo to a wealthy gentleman in New York. Several weeks after he was surprised by the cashier of the bank hastily entering the place of business, saying in an excited manner: "Sir! that New York man has failed and the draft for the cargo has been returned, protested. Things are growing darker all the time, no one can tell what the end may be." The cashier was astonished to see how self-possessed he remained. He forgot that it had been written of the upright man, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." But it was a great blow to him. What could be done? The draft was for thousands of dollars. The bank could grant no favors, and was bound to have the money. Collections were out of the question. Real estate would not bring one-fourth of its value. Ruin stared him in the face. There was no escape. It took a firm eye and a brave heart to stand in his home among his little ones and see the grim spectres of poverty and want overshadowing them.

Thirty days of grace were granted, but they were days of torture and almost despair. His refuge was in prayer. The last day came. The family were assembled as usual at the Throne of Grace. He poured out his soul unto God. As Hezekiah of old spread out the letter of the wicked King of Babylon before the Lord, and prayed over it, so did he state his case to the Almighty. He arose comforted. Resignation had come. Yes, I can be poor. Yes, I can walk where God leads me. Yes, I can go to the bank to-day and make myself a pauper, sign away house, home and all. God is still mine, my family are still mine, the promises in God's Word are not changed, heaven shall be mine. I trust God for the future.

He dressed carefully so as to go through his sad duties decently, and sat down to wait until the bank opened. While sitting there three letters were brought in. He opened the first. Could his eyes deceive him? It contained a draft for $1,000, sent by a brother in New England. The next letter was from a New York bank, authorizing him to draw on it for any amount sufficient to tide him over his difficulties. The third letter was from the man to whom the cargo had been sent, telling him to draw again for the full amount and the draft would be honored. The tears of thanksgiving streamed down his cheeks. "Now do I know that there is a God in Israel; I was brought low and he helped me."

When he reached the bank the directors were in session discussing his case. They arose as he entered. The president, taking his hand, said: "Sir, we feel very sorry for you in your great misfortune, you have our deepest sympathy. We only wish we could help you."

"Gentlemen," he replied, "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness and sympathy. But I am all right," and forthwith cast the drafts on the table. Then there were hearty hand-shakings and congratulations. That which, according to human eyesight, came so near being his ruin gave him henceforth unbounded credit and laid the foundation of a large fortune.

I saw him when I was in W——ton last winter on my Sabbath-school work. He was strong, active, cheerful at the age of eighty-four, increased in goods, full of years, still trusting in God, waiting like Abraham to be gathered unto his people. "Trust in the Lord and do good, and he shall bring it to pass."—*N. Y. Observer.*

FANNY AND THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. R, OF LOWELL.

Our Fanny is a fine, intelligent mare of the famous Morgan breed, very spirited and nervous, never liking to have anything approach her hind legs. In fact, would kick, if anything annoyed her ladyship.

One summer's day the stable man rushed into the house with scared face, saying he had found, on entering the stable, two children, our little girl and her boy cousin, both five years old, standing in the stall. One had a blacking brush, which she dipped occasionally into a pail of water, washing the sides and legs of the animal as far as her tiny hands could reach.

The boy was industriously combing out Fanny's long, black tail, tugging away with an old curry-comb he had picked up in the stable. Both standing near the horse's heels, while Fanny was as quiet as a lamb, in spite of the harsh treatment she was receiving. She did not even raise her hind feet to drive away the flies that were annoying her, lest she should harm the children. She certainly would never have permitted an older person to treat her so roughly.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HOME.

A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is."

THREE TOBACCO USERS.—The *Christian at Work* says that "only three animated beings use tobacco—a noisome and poisonous worm that lives on the plant, the wild gnat which feeds on its leaves, and the human beings, who chew, snuff, and smoke it."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—APRIL 4.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.—John 1; 1-18.

COMMIT VERSES 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.—John 1: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our Saviour is both God and man.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1: 1-18.
T. Isa. 9: 1-7.
W. Phil. 2: 1-11.
Th. Heb. 1: 1-14.
F. Matt. 1: 17-25.
Sa. Matt. 2: 1-23.
Su. Luke 2: 1-19.

JOHN THE APOSTLE.—(1) Born at Bethsaida, in Galilee. (2) His parents were Zebedee and Salome. (3) He was born probably between A.D. 1 and 5, the youngest of the Apostles. (4) RELATIVES. His mother was probably the sister of the Virgin Mary (compare Matt. 27: 56 with John 19: 25), hence he was first cousin of Jesus, and a more distant cousin of John the Baptist. He had a brother James. (5) He was brought up to his father's business of fishing in the sea of Galilee. (6) It is probable that he never married. (7) He was a disciple of John, and one of the earliest and most intimate disciples of Jesus. (8) John probably remained in Palestine till after the destruction of Jerusalem; then he went to Ephesus, was banished to the isle of Patmos by Nero, returned to Ephesus, A.D. 96-7, and died there about A.D. 98, aged 90 to 95. (9) WRITINGS. The Gospel, A.D. 80-90. Three epistles, and the Book of Revelation, A.D. 90-96.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.—1. AUTHOR: John. 2. LANGUAGE: Greek. 3. DATE OF WRITING: A.D. 80-90. 4. PLACE OF WRITING: probably Ephesus. 5. SOURCES: It was probably the record of his preaching about Jesus.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE WORD: the divine Jesus, who became man (v. 14). He was called the WORD because he reveals to us the thoughts and feelings of God, as our words reveal our thoughts. WITH GOD: distinct from God, and yet, God himself. 4. THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN: by giving spiritual life, he enables us to see spiritual things. Dead things cannot see. As a living person, he teaches, he gives us an example. 5. DARKNESS: of sin and ignorance. COMPREHENDED: did not receive it and thereby become light. 11. HIS OWN: especially the Jews. 12. SONS: children. 13. NOT OF BLOOD: not by natural descent. We are not God's children because our parents are. NOR OF THE WILL OF THE FLESH: not by our natural wills. We cannot make ourselves the children of God. NOR BY THE WILL OF MAN: nor can others make us so. 14. MADE FLESH: became man. FLESH includes our whole human nature, body and soul. GRACE: God's favor freely given, and hence the blessed and joyous gifts of that love, especially spiritual gifts. 16. GRACE FOR GRACE: Grace added to grace, grace the means of further grace; a grace in us corresponding to each grace in him. 18. SEEN GOD: his full brightness, his perfect character and plans. They had seen only hints revealed to them. HE HATH DECLARED HIM: Jesus shows us what God is, so that now we have seen more of God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief history of the apostle John. What books of the Bible did he write? Tell what you can about the Gospel according to John.

SUBJECT: OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR.

I. WHO HE WAS (vs. 1-3).—Who was the Word? Why is he so called? What proofs do you find in these verses of the divinity of Christ? What else do you learn about him? What advantages to us in having a divine Saviour?

If Jesus Christ made the world, can there be any conflict between true science and the Bible? How does the fact that he made the world make the study of nature more interesting and more helpful?

II. WHAT HE DOES FOR MAN (vs. 4, 9, 14).—What two things Christ does for us are mentioned in v. 4? What kind of life is given by him? (Eph. 2: 1; 1 John 5: 11-13.) What is meant by light? Where does the light shine? What is meant by darkness? What light did Christ bring to us? For whom is it meant? Who bore witness to this light?

Are there many things we need to know which we could not find out by ourselves? What are some of them? How has the Gospel been proved to be the light for every man? Is this a proof that it is true?

III. SOME REJECT HIM (vs. 10, 11).—Who is meant by the world? Under what obligation were they to receive Christ? How did they treat Him? Who are meant by "His own"? Under what special obligations were they to Him? (Isa. 5: 1-4; Deut. 32: 1-15.) Is rejecting Christ mean as well as wicked?

IV. WHAT HE DOES FOR THOSE WHO RECEIVE HIM (vs. 12-18).—What did he do for those who received Him? What are some of the privileges of being children of God? (Rom. 8: 14-17.) How can we become children of God? What is meant by "the Word was made flesh"? Of what was he full? What is grace? What have we received from him? How does Jesus reveal God to us? What reasons do you find in this lesson for loving and trusting Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God's great love to us in sending a divine Saviour.

II. How great must be the evil and danger of sin to require such a Saviour.

III. Since the same Jesus made the world and brought the Gospel, they must be in harmony.

IV. Our four great needs,—life, light, grace, truth.

V. Sin is not only wicked, but mean.

VI. The great privileges of the children of God,—they are heirs of His love, His care, His character, His home.

VII. We become His children by faith in Jesus, and regeneration by the Spirit of God.

LESSON II.—APRIL 11.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.—John 1: 35-51.

COMMIT VERSES 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.—John 1: 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed are they who go to Jesus and invite others to go with them.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1: 19-34.
T. John 1: 35-51.
W. Matt. 3: 1-17.
Th. Mark 1: 1-15.
F. Luke 2: 39-52.
Sa. Luke 3: 1-18.
Su. Luke 4: 1-15.

TIME.—February, A.D. 27, on a Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) and the day following. It was 42 or 43 days after the baptism of Jesus, and was the beginning of his ministry.

PLACE.—Bethany (Bethabara) and the way between that place and Cana of Galilee. Bethany ("boat-house") is the probable reading instead of Bethabara ("ford-house," or "ferry-house"). But they were probably neighboring villages or districts, and the baptizing of John may have been in both. The place was probably one of the fords of the Jordan opposite Jericho. It was a highway of travel.

RULERS.—Tiberius Cæsar, emperor of Rome (15th year from his association with Augustus, 15th as sole ruler, Luke 3: 1). Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea (2d year). Herod Antipas, of Galilee (31st year).

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—The Roman empire extended over most of the known world. Greece, subject to Rome, but a leader in literature and schools. Greek, the almost universal language among the educated. Strabo, the Greek geographer (B.C. 51-A.D. 24), Ovid (B.C. 43-A.D. 18), Livy (B.C. 59-A.D. 17), and Seneca (who died A.D. 65) were all living during the life of Christ.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—John omits all the early life of Jesus and of the Baptist, the ministry in the wilderness, the baptism of Jesus, and his 40 days' temptation recorded in Matt. 1: 1 to 4: 11; Mark 1: 1-13; Luke 1: 1 to 3: 18; 3: 21 to 4: 13.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—John had been preaching and baptizing for more than six months (July, A.D. 26-Feb., A.D. 27), and such multitudes came to hear him, and the excitement about him was so intense, that the leading Pharisees in Jerusalem sent a deputation to him at Bethany (Bethabara) beyond Jordan, to inquire what he really pretended to be. The day after his answer to the Pharisees, he sees Jesus coming towards him, and he points him out to his hearers, as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, i.e. the expected Messiah, and declares how he recognized him. Our lesson begins on the next day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

35. TWO OF HIS DISCIPLES: one was Andrew (v. 40), and the other was doubtless the apostle John himself. 36. THE LAMB OF GOD: i.e., the one to whom the lamb of the daily sacrifice and of the Passover had been pointing for 1,600 years. 38. RABBI: the Hebrew word for master or teacher, and therefore not familiar to the Gentile Christians. It was interpreted into Greek. 39. THE TENTH HOUR: four o'clock p.m. according to the Jewish reckoning, but 10 o'clock a.m. by the Roman reckoning. The latter is the most probable. 42. CEPHAS: a Hebrew word translated into the Greek word Peter, both meaning a stone or rock. 44. BETH-SAIDA: a town on both sides of the Jordan where it enters the Sea of Galilee. 45. NATHANAEL: probably the apostle called elsewhere Bartholomew. MOSES DID WRITE: in the Pentateuch. See Gen. 49: 10; Num. 24: 17-19; Deut. 18: 15. AND THE PROPHETS: Isaiah (9: 6, 7; 52: 13-15; 53: 1-12), Ezekiel (34: 23-31), Daniel (9: 24-27). 48. UNDER THE FIG TREE: probably far off in his own garden at Cana, where he had been accustomed to retire for meditation and prayer. I SAW THEE: there were two wonders,—that Jesus saw him many miles away beyond natural sight, and that he saw his inmost thoughts and feelings. 51. YE SHALL SEE HEAVEN OPEN, etc.: (1) such manifestations as Matt. 4: 11; Luke 2: 13; 9: 29-31; 22: 43, or (2) that through Jesus we can go to heaven, and our prayers and desires can reach heaven, and God will send His light, truth, Holy Spirit, and every needed help down from heaven, the allusion being to the ladder in Jacob's dream.

LEARN TO HEART John 1: 29, 30, 32-39.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was John preaching and baptizing at this time? What time of the year was it? How long had John been baptizing? Had John seen Jesus before this? What had he done for him? (Matt. 3: 13-15.) Where had Jesus been since then? (Matt. 4: 1-2.) What had taken place the two days previous to this lesson?

SUBJECT: GOING TO JESUS.

I. JOHN BEARING WITNESS TO JESUS (vs. 35, 36).—Where was John? What was he doing? What was the object of his preaching? Who were with him at this time? Whom did they see? What did John say about him? (v. 29.) What did he mean by the Lamb of God? (Lev. 4: 32-35; Ex. 12: 21-27 and 29: 33.)

How does Jesus fulfil these sacrifices? In what sense does he take away the sin of the world?

II. GOING TO JESUS (vs. 37-40).—Who were the first two disciples of Jesus? What did they say in reply to his question? Where did they go with him? Was this his home? How long was their visit with him? What is it for us to go to Jesus?

III. LEADING OTHERS TO JESUS (vs. 41-46).—What was their first desire after they had found Jesus themselves? What was the name of Andrew's brother? To what did Jesus change it? Why? Who was next called? Whom did he bring to Jesus? What objection did Nathanael make? How was it answered? Is to come and see the true way to learn the truth about religion? Why ought we to bring others to Jesus? In what ways can we best do it?

IV. THE BLESSINGS OF GOING TO JESUS (vs. 47-51).—What kind of a man was Nathanael? Are such the ones most likely to come to Jesus? What marvellous knowledge did Jesus show? What effect did this have on Nathanael? How many titles are applied to Jesus in this lesson? Show how each one belongs to him. What more did Jesus promise him? What does this teach us as to the way to obtain larger spiritual blessings? What is meant by the promise in v. 51?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. To come to Jesus as our teacher and master is to become a Christian.

II. One great proof that we are real Christians is the desire to bring others to Christ.

III. Mark the value of personal work for Christ.

IV. Unfounded prejudice often keeps men from believing in Christ.

V. Christ gives more and greater gifts to believers.

VI. Jesus Christ is described by many titles to teach us that he is a Saviour for all men, for all needs, and in all circumstances.

VII. Through Jesus communication is opened between us and heaven.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

VARIETY FOR BREAKFAST.

BY KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

Variety imparts tone to a meal, as well as zest and vim to life. Plain meat and potato may, indeed, sustain the inner man, but a few delicious hot cakes, or a few toothsome little side dishes, give a new relish to the substantials. Of one kind the taste soon wearies, though it is of the very best; so we must have a variety from day to day.

Corn-bread, old-fashioned, but as good and handsome in its place as pound-cake, is made of one cup of the "new process" yellow corn-meal and two cups of flour. Into this mix one spoonful of butter or clear beef drippings, one small cup of sugar, one full teaspoon of salt, and two of Royal baking powder; then beat the yolks of two eggs, and dissolve in a little milk. Pour this into the other ingredients, and as much more milk as is required to make a thin batter. Lastly, add the beaten whites. This amount makes one large sheet. If the batter is too stiff, the bread will be hard, for the corn-meal swells. It requires a moderate oven, and to bake nearly an hour.

Hominy cakes, made of perhaps some hominy left from the breakfast of yesterday: One quart of milk, two beaten eggs, one spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two of Royal baking powder. Into this put your hominy, beat well, and add flour enough to make a batter. Fry on griddles as light cakes. Hominy croquettes are made by adding eggs, milk, salt, and a little flour and baking powder to cold hominy, and then fry in boiling fat, dropped in by spoonfuls and browned. The mashed potato left from yesterday's dinner may be made up, with an egg only, into croquettes, and fried, or made into pear-shaped rolls, set up on end, with a piece of butter on the top of each, and well browned in the oven.

Toast in various forms—milk, dry, or butter toast—will be what some one will want. Eggs in various styles may suit others. A little cold lamb, the remains of yesterday's roast, may be minced, warmed in the gravy, and served on dipped and buttered toast; or some cold, lean ham, minced and scrambled with eggs, on toast. A slice of any cold meat may be just to somebody's taste and liking. Stew in milk a few potatoes, or fry a few sweet ones. The steaks and the chops and the cutlets all are supposed to know how to cook; but the "odds and ends" of previous meals can all be utilized and presented in an appetizing shape and a variety of ways, if only a little thought and study is given to the matter. It is also a point of economy, which should be considered by every good housewife.—*Christian Union.*

WHAT MOTHER HAS LEARNED.

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

That is a very significant Bible verse, "To him that hath shall be given." Perhaps it is the reason why mother, who has all her life practised a thousand ingenious devices and labor-saving methods of work, should be continually learning something new. There is no young housekeeper of my acquaintance who is so ambitious to do every thing in the best way. After I had sewed on buttons for half a century, I believe I should think I had nothing to learn in that direction at least. But this very night mother sat down to sew some on the Canton flannel nightgowns, a new idea of hers which is most sensible for old or delicate ladies, with the remark:

"I read the other day that it was the best way to sew buttons on over a coarse needle and I mean to try it."

"What is the use of all that trouble?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see, it holds the threads loose so that it will button easily the first time, and be less likely to pull off? I think it is a sensible idea."

When I came home this time, a little whisk broom, worn to a stub, but clean, and hung, like every other article in use about the stove, upon the most convenient nail, excited my curiosity. Mother has learned that a whisk broom, too much worn for other uses, is just the thing with which to sweep the half burned coals upon the fire shovel. This saves soiling the hands in building the fire and also the disagreeable work in the coal shed, for the ashes need no further sifting.

Mother has learned that a little sugar in the stove blacking prevents its burning off, and a few bits of charcoal in the water lessens the odor from boiling cabbage.

My freshly ironed collars disappeared from the ironing board, and came back nicely shaped to the neck, and uncommonly stiff, because mother has learned that the best place to dry them is in a small tin pail, hung from the stove pipe damper.

And that reminds me to say that mother has learned to economize her steps in doing housework too well to keep the tins and other cooking utensils in common use upon the shelves of the distant pantry. Two such small boxes as canned fruits are packed in, stand, one above the other, within a step of the kitchen stove, where they are used, and the sink where they are washed. Fitted with shelves and neatly papered, with an enameled cloth on top, this stand and cupboard combined is a convenience which no one who has used it would want to do without. Here also are kept the materials for tea and coffee.

The teapot, looking so new and yet familiar, led me to ask how long it had been in daily use for tea.

"Only four years," said mother.

"Only!" I replied. "If you could see a few of the new teapots I have had to drink tea from in my wanderings!"

"Yes, I know how soon they turn black if the tea is allowed to stand in them. But I have never once left tea in this over night. I have learned that rinsing the coffee pot is not enough, but if it is well washed after being used each day, there is never any thing disagreeable about it.—*Household.*

GIVE THE BABIES WATER.

"My baby was a year old last Sunday and I let her have a drink of cold water for the first time."

We were in the vestry of our church, my townswoman and I, attending a "social circle" and keenly enjoying the pleasant chatter and exchange of good-will and ideas about us, shut in as we are with our housework and babies most of our days.

She was a smiling, wholesome-looking young woman, and the plump baby—her fourth—that was crowing and springing in her arms did not bear traces of abuse, but the little one had been abused all her lifetime, for a baby that is constantly denied cold water must suffer from thirst.

"Why, Mrs. McFadden!" I exclaimed startled into so shrill a key of voice that by-standers in the crowd turned their heads to listen, "why are you so cruel to this precious little baby! What possible harm can pure, cold water do this child when she is thirsty?"

"Oh, babies don't get thirsty. They have their milk you know and they do not need water. All my other babies had colic terribly, and when this one came I told husband she should not have a drink of cold water till she was at least one year old, and she hasn't."

"You wicked woman, you!" was the indignant response from an impulsive mother who had overheard her words. "Don't you know that milk does not satisfy thirst? A little baby craves and needs water just as much as you or I."

"More, Mrs. McFadden, much more, for these little people have twenty teeth to cut, and each one causes more or less fever that pure cold water can often relieve, and it always refreshes the little sufferers."

It was our good, old village physician who said that, having joined, unnoticed, the little group of interested mothers about the crowing child.

"Why, doctor! you wouldn't dare give a little mite of a baby cold water, would you?" The black eyes of Mrs. McFadden flashed with temper as well as interest. "Would you kill it with colic?"

"No, my dear woman, I wouldn't, and neither would I let the little things suffer with thirst, as they must suffer if denied water. Don't be afraid it will give them colic, but accustom them to it from their birth, and before they are many weeks old you will find they will reach as eagerly for their sips of cold water as they do for their dinner."

A crowd of hungry people who were on their way to the supper tables, swept the doctor along with them and the conversation was dropped, but I hope my townswoman was convinced that she through ignorance or misguided wisdom had done her little Gracie a cruel wrong.

Twelve months without a drink of water! I am glad my babies have not thus suffered. We have always given them, excepting our first-born, all the cool water—not ice water—they wanted to drink, and my latest baby, now seventeen months old, has never had a touch of colic.

Before they are five months old they learn to stretch out their little arms and goo with fresh eagerness when thirsty if carried past the water pails in the kitchen.

At that age they learn to drink from a thin-edged dipper, so I had no fear of feeding them too much water.

When they are feverish with teething, their gums swollen and little mouths inflamed and hot, how eagerly they seize the dipper or glass of water offered, putting up both little hands to hold it close to their thirsty lips as they drink and gulp and smack with grateful satisfaction.—*Laws of Life.*

SMALL ECONOMIES.

Small leaks are worse than large ones, in that they are not as plainly seen, and therefore not so energetically stopped. It is the same in housekeeping; the almost unnoticed waste that is seen in many families is distressing, and it is generally those who are the first to complain of hard times, and how much it costs to keep a family. I had occasion lately to notice the children in a family of my acquaintance, and I discovered that they wasted more bread and butter, cake and confections, than would supply the requirements of two more children if properly served. Children can be taught early not to take food they do not require, and to ask for only such a quantity as they can use.

The cellar, laundry and kitchen need constant supervision that everything is used to the best advantage, and that nothing is discarded that can be used. The waste in soap and starch, week after week, is immense in some families, and clothes lines and pins are uncared for till more money must be expended to replace those that are spoiled by mildew and weather changes.

In preparing vegetables for the table it is often the way to pare the potatoes and squash too thick; carrots are not carefully scraped, and when fruit is used, the apple peelings are, in like manner, too thick. Careless using of a stove or range is another leak that is not fully appreciated; nothing is worse than spilling cold water on the iron when it is red hot; a crack is almost sure to be the result, though not noticed at the time.

The man who uses tobacco could purchase a small library with the money; the woman who allows the pieces of soap to be thrown out after wasting in the water, and the children's food to be thrown in the ash barrel, might be able with the saved amount to take a newspaper that she wishes for but cannot afford. All these things but go to prove that it is necessary for every one to study small economies in their own particular need, to learn what they can justly save in order to make the best of everything. Train the young people with this idea, and we shall have less extravagance, less useless expenditures and needless outlay. For there is no better maxim than that "A penny saved is a penny earned."—*American Rural Home.*

SPRING WORK.

With the vitalizing breezes of April the matron's thoughts turn of necessity to the extremely practical topic of house-cleaning. Husbands and fathers never can be brought to see that there is any particular need for the semi-annual upheaval which takes place in most homes, spring and fall. To their minds the house is clean enough, and they probably fancy that it is easy to keep it so. All good housewives conceal processes as much as possible, while they leave results to speak for themselves. Therefore, a man engaged in some out-of-door occupation or profession all day, knows very little of the daily and weekly cleaning which is obligatory if a house is to be kept in decent order.

The really prudent housekeeper plans her spring cleaning as a general lays out a campaign. First she attacks the cellar. In times like the present, when cholera menaces our shores, people cannot be too careful that the cellar is not a hotbed for disease, and at all times it should be sedulously watched. No decaying vegetables, nor heaps of refuse, dust, ashes, rotting papers, or *debris* of any kind should be suffered to remain in the cellar.

A current of fresh air should be allowed to blow through it in dry weather, if possible, and for absolute sweetness and purity it should be whitewashed every few months. All bins, barrels, boxes and shelves should be clean. The mistress should personally assure herself that this work is done faithfully.

After the cellar, take the attic; then the closets, the bedrooms, the halls, stairways, drawing-room, library, dining-room and kitchen. Now, this work may be so gradually done, that the family shall not be aware of inconvenience. Indeed, it sometimes happens that a whole house is renovated, there being no special repairing or painting necessary, without the gentlemen observing that anything out of the ordinary routine is going on.—*Intelligencer.*

A FEW DAYS AGO the richest man on the earth passed away from this world to another, leaving to each of his children ten millions of dollars. We love our children as dearly as he, but none of us can leave them so much money. But we may give to them something far better than that; something that no money can buy; a legacy that will be to them invaluable. We may, if we will, store up for them, day by day, a wealth that will not perish with the using. Let us so live that we may leave to our children, and to our children's children, an inheritance of good health, pure blood, not poisoned by narcotics or intoxicants. Let us bequeath to them self-control, steadiness of nerve, clearness of brain, and the strength of mind and body that can come only of a virtuous ancestry.—*Anna H. Howard.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Distant from the noisy town
Sits my first and next alone,
In my ivy-wreathen whole,
Loved and blessed by many a soul.

More than on my first, I ween,
With his brethren he hath been;
But my third hath touched his brow,
And he waits in silence now;

Hoping soon to see the day
When his second, far away,
May replace his trembling voice;
This shall make his third rejoice.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

I was awakened one morning by a city of China, which was perched on a fence under my window. From an adjoining room I heard a division of Great Britain, and I called one of the rivers of South America to make a fire, as the air was a division of South America. Going down stairs, I found that one of the lakes of North America had spilled a division of Europe on the city of Belgium, and put on the table a division of Asia seasoned with a city of South America. Also a cape of Massachusetts, an island of Oceanica, and a basket containing a river of Africa. I gave him a division of Africa to pay for my breakfast and went into the kitchen to ask an island of Oceanica for some sugar to feed an island of Africa, which was hanging in my window.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.

I.

1. A precious stone. 2. A step. 3. A piece of land. 4. A plant with edible leaves.

II.

1. Frozen vapor. 2. Not any. 3. Formerly. 4. A period of time.

ENCLOSED CROSS PUZZLE.

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      o * o
    o o * o o
  o o o * o o o
* * * * * * *
  o o o * o o o
    o o * o o
      o * o
```

The upper cross-word the boys love in winter.
2. Pains.
3. Brings into being.
4. A virtue both natural and spiritual.
5. One who prepares another for athletic exercises.
6. Destructive insects.
7. An affirmative.

The descending word and centre across covers many shortcomings.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

OMITTED RHYMES.—Harvest. moon, after, math, harvestmoon, aftermath.

ODD PUZZLE.

S w e *E* t e n
M a *L* a *C* c a
M *E* m o n *T* o
R a b b o n *I*
I c e b e r *G*
C o r i n t *H*
L a r g e s *T*

Electric Light.

PUZZLE. — Cocoa-nut, Beech-nut (beach), Chest-nut, Butter-nut, Wal-nut, Pea-nut. P—POE—POPE.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Freddy H Doupe, Alida Ferguson, H. E. Greene, Jennie Waugh and Alex. P. Gray.

The Family Circle.

THE TURNED LESSON.

"I thought I knew it!" she said:
"I thought I had learnt it quite!"
But the gentle teacher shook her head,
With a grave, yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said,
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head;
Yet not for reproof or frown,
And not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost;
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But her teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depths of an autumn wood;
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
"Now, I will try you again,"
And the lesson was mastered, every word.
Was it not worth the pain?
Was it not kinder the task to turn
Than to let it pass
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And that the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart?"
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace
The lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by His side
Till the page is really known;
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone,
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss), can we refuse?

Then let our hearts be still,
Though our task be turned to-day,
O! let him teach us what He will,
In His most gracious way,
Till sitting only at Jesus' feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet.
—*Good Words.*

WHAT MISS BARBARA KNEW.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

The ladies of the Park St. Church had met with Mrs. Dr. Bruce to sew for the missionary box, but any one coming into the room would speedily discover that they were much agitated over something beside the work which had called them together.

"I think that it is dreadful," exclaimed one lady in horror-stricken tones.

"I pity his poor mother from the depths of my heart," said another.

"What is it, Mrs. Morgan? Has anything dreadful happened?" asked Helen Russell, who came into the house just in time to catch the last words. She put her question from no motives of idle curiosity or desire to gossip over any one's affairs. There was nothing of that nature about Helen, but as her father was pastor of the Park St. Church, and her mother was not present at the meeting, she felt it her duty to inquire if any one stood in need of ministerial help or comfort.

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed two or three at once. "Mr. Clark has missed money two or three times lately from his money drawer, and he has every reason to suspect that Will Morris took it."

"Oh, Mrs. Morgan, I cannot believe it!" exclaimed Helen impulsively, the quick tears springing to her eyes. Will was a bright young fellow, just her brother Tom's age, and his most intimate friend; they all thought so much of him at the parsonage; he was quite one of the family, in fact.

Miss Barbara Hollister gave a little contemptuous sniff.

"It may be true for all that," she said rather sharply, in a tone that would lead one to suppose that she had hoped it was. Somehow Miss Barbara always did seem to delight in evil tidings, though she would have resented it had anyone told her so.

"I happen to know some things about the young man's family which I do not choose to tell, that prevent my feeling any surprise at his turning out in this manner. I felt it my duty to warn Mr. Clark some time ago; he laughed in my face then, but I guess he sings another tune now. It was a great mistake taking him into the church as we did, a great mistake."

No amount of persuasion would tempt Miss Barbara to tell what she knew; she would only shake her head ominously, and say that she was not suspicious in the least.

Helen excused herself early and went sorrowfully home. She found her mother by the fire in the study, and Tom in an easy-chair, pencil and paper in hand, "collecting his thoughts," he said, preparatory to writing an essay.

"Oh mamma," said Helen sitting down by her mother's side, "I heard something dreadful at the meeting. They said that Mr. Clark suspected Will of taking money from him."

"Helen Russel!" said Tom, dropping his pencil and crumpling his paper in his hand; "What are you talking about? Who on earth has started any such story? I hope to goodness' sake you told them that there wasn't a word of truth of it."

"Of course I did, Tom, but it did not do any good. Miss Barbara Hollister knows the family. They live near her brother, and though she won't tell what she knows, it evidently isn't very good; and, besides, Mr. Clark missed some money when he knew positively that no one but Will had been to the drawer."

"I don't care. Will didn't touch it," said Tom, positively.

"But Miss Barbara says"—began Helen.

"Miss Barbara be—blest!" interrupted Tom, more vigorously than affectionately. "She always knows a sight, but the trouble is, as Artemus Ward says, she knows lots of things that ain't so. I don't suppose that Will is perfect any more than the rest of us, but I do know that he is true to the backbone, and tries hard to be an earnest Christian."

The days came and went; the missing money was not accounted for in any way, and Mr. Clark, who had laughed at Miss Barbara's insinuations at first, began, in spite of himself, to be a little suspicious, and to wonder if after all she was right for once.

Will's face grew thinner and paler every day, but Miss Barbara's almost glowed with triumph, until Tom said that he hated the sight of her. Then came a day when there was a five dollar bill missing, and Mr. Clark told Will that he could not keep him any longer unless he would confess. "I will forgive you if you will," he said. "I know that you are working hard for your education, and may have been sorely tempted to help yourself along a little faster, but if you will frankly confess your sin, I will forgive you, and give you another chance."

But all that Will would say was that he had not touched a cent but what was his own; and there was such a true, unflinching manliness in his face, that Mr. Clark almost believed him.

Almost! The comforting words of trust trembled on his lips; then came the memory of Miss Barbara's hints and positive assertions of guilt of some sort in the family. He would never have suspected Will any more than he would himself, if it had not been for these insinuations; and then who could have taken the money?

"I am sorry," he said hesitatingly. "I hoped that you would be willing to confess. Perhaps it would be better for us to part unless you are willing to do so."

But Will without a word took his cap and went out of the store, with a look in his face that brought the tears to Mr. Clark's eyes in spite of himself, it was so white and hopeless.

It haunted him all the afternoon; it came between him and his ledger; it stared at him from every nook and corner of the store; and finally he, too, took up his hat

"I will find out just what Miss Barbara knows about the family, as I ought to have done before," he said to himself.

But Mr. Clark found the accomplishment of his purpose more difficult than he anticipated. Miss Barbara did not wish to tell. "The family were respected; she would not bring up old scores to injure them; she had no wish to hurt the young man."

"But you have already hurt his character the worst way," persisted Mr. Clark. "And I want to know what cause you had. I shall stay until you tell me what you know," he said, settling back in his chair.

Miss Barbara looked dismayed; she moved about uneasily in her chair, she grew red in the face; but Mr. Clarke waited calmly and patiently. Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour went by, Mr. Clark still waited, and Miss Barbara grew more and more uneasy.

"I don't know—really—perhaps you won't think it much; but after all—it's against him, though I presume maybe he is all right," she said at length.

Mr. Clark was not to be put off that way.

"I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he said sternly. "This has come to be a very serious matter, Miss Hollister. I hope, for your sake at least, that you have not injured this boy's character without just cause; but if you have, if you have any particle of compassion, I beg of you confess it now."

"The family live near my brother's—and my nephew told me the boys were full of mischief, and were caught a year or two ago, with some other boys, stealing a—watermelon."

Miss Barbara's face was crimson long before she finished, and oh, how fervently she wished that she had never opened her mouth about the unlucky occurrence—to think she had made all this fuss over such a little story?

"A watermelon? Was that all?"

"Y—es," answered Miss Barbara, wishing devoutly that it had been acres of them, to say the least.

"You know something else against the family; this surely cannot be all," persisted Mr. Clark.

But Miss Barbara knew absolutely nothing more on the subject.

"And I have suspected a boy's honesty because his brother was one of a party that stole a watermelon! If he is innocent, as my heart tells me that he is, you and I have a great deal to answer for, Miss Hollister, a great deal."

Then Mr. Clark went back to his store, strangely humbled, and resolved to clear the boy, if possible. High and low, in possible and impossible corners, he searched, in hopes that the money had been mislaid, but not a trace of it could he find until just as he was about to give up in despair, he discovered in the back of the money drawer a tiny little mouse hole.

He had no idea of finding anything, but he would not leave a stone unturned, and suddenly his heart seemed to stand still, for out of the depths of Miss Mousie's abode he drew up the missing five-dollar bill!

"My poor, innocent boy!" he said, as he hastily placed the drawer back, and put on his hat again. Will should be righted directly; but oh, why had he not made thorough search before, instead of letting any insinuations influence him? He would do all in his power to atone for the pain he had caused.

But alas for his good intentions! Will was not to be found, neither that night nor the next day. He had gone out from them in his misery, and not a trace of him was to be discovered.

It would be hard to tell which felt the worse as the days went by, and there was no trace of the one they had so cruelly wronged—Mr. Clark or Miss Barbara. Every day she came down to the store to see if there was no word from him, and every day she wrote to his sorrowing mother, in hopes that she had heard, if no one else had. Now, when it was too late, she realized what she had done. She had kindled a fire that was beyond her control, and that perhaps had hopelessly blackened a young life full of hope and promise. She wondered in a horror-stricken way how many other such fires she had kindled and fanned into life!

And still there was no word from Will.

"My punishment is greater than I can bear," she said to Mrs. Russel. "What can I do?"

"Pray," replied Mrs. Russel. "We are all praying that he may be led to come back, and I think that he will be."

So Miss Barbara went home and prayed as never before in her life; she wrestled with God, even as did the patriarch of old, and would not let the angel go without the blessing she sought.

As for Will, he had gone out that miserable day with but one thought in his mind, and that was to get as far as possible away from the scene of his disgrace. He had been so glad to be alive; he had exulted in his youth and health and strength; he had meant to make such a grand thing of his life; and now—oh, if he could only die! He had hoped that some time, when he had gotten the education that he coveted so much, that he might preach the glad tidings of Christ's salvation; and with these hopes in his heart, he was suspected of being a thief. He grew cold with horror as he said the dreadful word to himself.

He went on and on without a thought except to get away; he felt as though he were relentlessly pursued. He could never go home again; he wanted only to get away from everybody he had ever known, and to die as soon as possible. There was nothing left to live for now.

Sometimes he worked a day or two in a place, then, fearful lest his story was following him, he would push on again. At last one day there came a sudden, irresistible change over him. He would go back; he felt that he must go; something impelled him to go whether he would or not.

"I am innocent, and I will prove to them that I am," he said to himself.

Mr. Clark was alone in his office when Will walked in, but for a moment he could not speak; he could only put out his hand.

"I have come back," said Will, choking a little, but with the same true, fearless look as of old; "I have come back to beg you to believe me, for I am innocent."

"I know it, my boy. I know it, and I want you to forgive me for doubting you," said Mr. Clark, as soon as he could speak; and then, to Will's surprise, he told him what had happened.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "do you go to Miss Barbara the very first thing that you do, for she is almost broken-hearted."

Will never forgot the welcome that he received from her; he could never speak of it without tears coming to his eyes.

He never went back into the store, but in the fall he entered college with Tom, and his expenses were all paid by Mr. Clark and Miss Barbara.

And ever after, the ladies of the Park St. Church were noted for their unfailing charity of speech.

"It was a good lesson to us all," said Mrs. Russel. "We never, any of us, realized before what a power there was in our words and insinuations, but we shall never forget, I think."—*Zion's Herald.*

NAMES OF THE FABRICS.

Every thing connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. These may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from Damascus; satins, from Zaytown, in China; calico, from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mesul, in Asia; alpacca, from an animal of Peru of the llama species from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Bokhara. Fustian comes from Fostate, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended; taffeta and tabby, from a street in Bagdad; cambric, from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajac; dimity, from Damietta; and jeans from Jean. Druggett is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blankett, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diapron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian velluto, woolly, (Latin, vellus, a hide or pelt.) Shawl is the Sanskrit sala, floor; for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Hindu word chett. Delaine is the French of "wool."

WRITING to a young collegian many years ago, Ruskin said: "To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."

HENRY M. STANLEY.

WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR AFRICA.

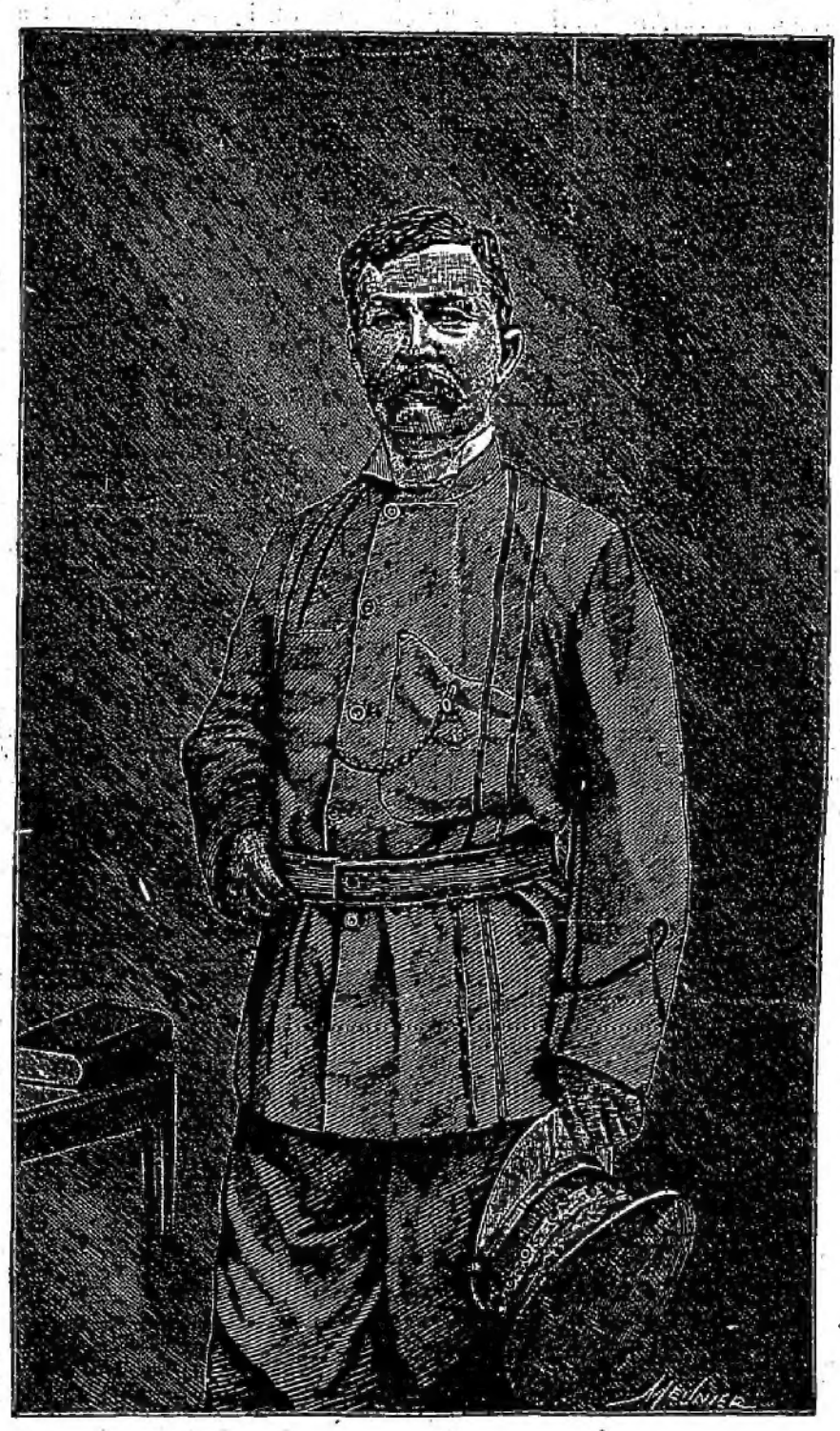
Speaking recently with a newspaper correspondent, this now distinguished and intrepid explorer said:—"I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here; is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. 'Leave all things and follow Me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon. How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there."

These words, his own, hardly express more forcibly the striking change that has come over the character of Henry Stanley than does this latest portrait when compared with the one taken years ago, when he first started on his memorable expedition of search for the great missionary explorer. Fifteen years ago his portrait showed a plump-faced, self-satisfied young man with a jaunty looking turban on his head and a handkerchief carelessly knotted about his neck, bent apparently on nothing more serious than a few months of voluntary roughing it in the back-woods. But years of toil, pain, anxiety, and bitter hardship have left their indelible marks, and every line of the lean, drawn face tells of terrible responsibilities undertaken and painful anxieties borne: and many are struck with the strange resemblance which has grown in his face to that of Dr. Livingstone himself.

Henry Stanley, though popularly regarded as an American, is a Welshman by birth. He was born in 1840 near Denbigh, Wales, and at the age of three he was sent to the poor house at St. Asaph where he remained until he was thirteen, receiving in the interval a good education. For a year he taught in Flintshire, and then going to Liverpool shipped as cabin-boy on board a vessel for New Orleans. His real name is John Rowlands, but in New Orleans he obtained employment with a merchant named Stanley, who finally adopted him and induced him to take his name. His benefactor died without leaving a will, and at the outbreak of the American War he enlisted in the Confederate Army, was taken prisoner and then volunteered in the United States Navy. At the close of the war he travelled in Turkey and Asia Minor, and in 1866 paid a visit to his old home in Wales, gave a dinner to the children of the poor-house and told them, in his after speech, that whatever success he had attained, or would attain in the future, he owed all to the education he had received there. In 1868 he accompanied the British expedition to Abyssinia as correspondent of the New York *Herald* and in October, 1869, was commissioned by the proprietor of that paper to find Dr. Livingstone, of whom nothing had been heard for nearly two years.

Preparations for such an expedition took, however, a long time, and it was not until a year from the following March that he left Zanzibar for the interior of Africa. Nearly eight months more of travel remained to be accomplished, but the tenth of November found him on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in the village of Ujiji, and clasping hands with the man whom all the world was mourning as dead. And he had arrived not a moment too soon. Only five days before Dr. Livingstone had returned from the Lualaba in sickened disgust at the horrors of the slave trade he had witnessed there without being able to prevent, and was almost discouraged. The presence of a white man and the help he brought inspired him with new vigor, and for the next few months the two explored together the northern waters of the Lake. Then, bidding one another good-bye, they separated never to meet again, Stanley to carry home the joyful news of the success of his search, and Livingstone to go back with renewed vigor to the heart of his beloved Africa, there to labor for her until God should, in the midst of his toils, suddenly call him home to his rest and his reward.

In April or May of 1872, Stanley telegraphed to Europe that Livingstone had been found. But many people were incredulous, and when later he published his book, "How I found Livingstone," were still slow to believe in the heroism of the man who, on meeting for the first time with one towards whom the eyes of the whole civilized world were directed, could find nothing more striking to say than "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." But heroism is less often shewn in words than in deeds, and when the latest letters and journals of the great missionary arrived the most sceptical were convinced.



HENRY M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Within a year of his arrival he was commissioned by the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph* to return to Africa and conduct further explorations. On his arrival at Zanzibar, he heard of the death of Livingstone, and then resolved to take up and carry on the work to which that great man had devoted his life. He first explored the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, using for the purpose a boat that had been carried in sections from the coast. Here he met with the now historic savage King Mtesa, and it was through his influence at the request of Mtesa himself that the Church of England mission now working there was established.

He then turned his attention to the great river Lualaba, rising in Lake Bangweolo, south of Tanganyika, which Livingstone had discovered and supposed to be a tributary of the Nile. Stanley himself, along with others, believed it to be the Congo, and his subsequent explorations proved that he was correct. Down this great river he slowly and with extreme difficulty fought his way. Almost every step had to be contested with the savages, sometimes with cannibals, and when at last he arrived at the Atlantic ocean he was nearly dead himself with fatigue, and had left, out of the hundred and fifty men who started with him from Zanzibar, thirty-five dead along the route. But he had accomplished what he had undertaken, and the prayer of Livingstone's life had been answered, a highway for the gospel had been opened right into the heart of Africa, a "white line" had been drawn across "the dark continent."

But Stanley's work had only begun. Leopold King of the Belgians had, in 1876, organized the International African Association, supported largely out of his own private purse, the object of which was to open trade routes into the interior of the continent for the purpose of developing the immense resources of the country and abolishing the curse of the slave trade. This work Stanley was commissioned to superintend and after a year's rest he went back and spent three years there, during which he planted a chain of stations along the river from the ocean to Stanley Pool, and built a road past the long series of cataracts which obstruct the navigation of the Congo for two hundred miles above its mouth. He then aided King Leopold in his great work of founding the Congo Free State, the details of which it is impossible to go into here, but about which work alone he has written two large volumes. And now the latest scheme engaging his attention is the building of a railway from the mouth of the Congo to the beginning of its navigable waters, so that before very long between the coast and the unknown and almost inaccessible heart of Africa there shall be unobstructed and comparatively rapid communication.

In closing, one word must be said about the Congo itself, or, as Stanley re-named it after the explorer of its source, the Livingstone. A few years ago it was only known for about two hundred miles from the coast and its source was lost in cataracts. This Stanley has shown to be but the mouth of the magnificent river of which the Lualaba is the source, a river whose total length is no less than 2,900 miles, whose volume is estimated at 1,800,000 cubic feet a second, and which drains an area of 800,000 square miles, or as a recent writer describes it. "An immense waterway 3,000 miles into the centre of Africa, navigable with the exception of two breaks, which engineering science can easily surmount—a waterway into a tropical empire, rich in woods and metals and gracious soil, in fruits and grains, the sure home of a civilized empire in the years to come."

To sum up Mr. Stanley's work in Africa—it was, as Petermann, the eminent German geographer, puts it, "to unite the fragments of African exploration—the achievements of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Du Chaillu Baker, Cameron, of all the heroic men who had gone before him—into one consecutive whole, just as Bismarck united the fragments of the German people, lying about under various princes and dukes, into one grand and harmonious empire. Even as Bismarck had created imperial Germany, so Stanley created geographical Africa."

WHY HE ABSTAINED.

"Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party, a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink, came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin: how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, because of his terrible habit. One day, I said to this man, "Why will you not say, here and now—before God, and in His help, I never will taste liquor again?" The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice, he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober but a godly man." The man thus saved from intemperance by Dr. Potter was shot by an Indian in the West, while on an errand of mercy to that Indian tribe. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Grace Chapel, New York.

DRINK CRAVING.

No one who has watched a typical case of drink craving can deny for a moment that it is a disease. The subject of it is, perhaps, a man of honor and intelligence, or a woman of pure and modest feelings. At most times—at any rate in the earlier stages of the disease—the patient can act his part in life with credit to himself and with the respect of his fellow men. He may even be a total abstainer from alcohol. But the paroxysm of the disease comes on, and everything is made to bow to its imperious necessities. The whole will is dominated over and tyrannized by a single longing, which for a time becomes its sole motive power. Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of its gratification. Honor, modesty, virtue, the teachings of experience, and the precepts of morality must all yield to the new despot. The powers of the mind succumb as readily before it as do the powers of the body before the invasion of small-pox or cholera.—*Medical Examiner.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued.)*

There are two sides to this question. In point of fact, Christie was overwhelmed with curiosity about her letter, and would have liked to read it, and talk it over then and there, but Karl's heart was set on the other story, and the letter would keep.

"Yes," she said aloud, "such a surprise as we have for you! I don't know what you will think of us, or of all the things

FATHER TUCKER AND NETTIE.

that have happened. We have had company, lots of it; haven't we, Karl?"

"I should think we *had*!" burst forth Karl; "fact is, the front room is full of company this minute!" and at the look on his mother's face Karl broke down in a gust of laughter.

"Company!" she repeated, some dismay as well as surprise in her voice. "Why, children, what do you mean? Your uncle Daniel's folks can't have *come*"—

"No, ma'am," interrupted Karl, "there's no uncle Daniel's folks about it; they can't look a bit like him. Tell about it, Christie."

"Why, first," said Christie, "the express waggon came, and Karl went to the door, and they asked for me, mother, only think of it! and Karl said—O father, what do you think he told the man! You tell, Karl."

And then Christie stopped to laugh, and Karl took up the remarkable story. What with laughter, and interrupting questions, and appeals to each other to tell that part, it really took a good deal of time to tell it, and it was all so funny, that Nettie and the baby shouted with laughter, without having the least idea what they were laughing about, and Mother Tucker looked from one to another and said:

"Well, I declare! I believe you children are all getting crazy."

At last they went, lamp in hand, to the front room, Karl leading the way, and father bringing up the rear with the baby in his arms. Once there, they stopped laughing, and looked around them with bewildered faces.

"Upon my word!" said Father Tucker, "I can't make this out. I didn't half notice what you children were saying. Do you see through it all, mother?"

"No more than if I were blind," said Mother Tucker with emphasis, sitting plump down on the great roll done up in burlap, and clasping her hands on her knees. "I can't make beginning nor end to it. Where could they all come from, anyway? Of course it is a mistake, somehow, but where is the Christie Tucker to whom they all belong, and where has she kept herself, that nobody has heard of her.

"Christie's here, mamma," piped Nettie, "she's wight behind the door, Christie is;" and she tried to drag her sister into the light to relieve her mother's mind. Then they all shouted with laughter again, baby and all.

"We act like a set of lunatics," Father Tucker said at last, stooping to lift Nettie to his other shoulder, "and we must get out of this room as fast as we can; the baby is beginning to sneeze."

This sentence brought Mother Tucker to her feet in an instant. She untied her apron and muffled it about the baby's shoulder, then led the way to the warm kitchen.

"Christie," said Karl, as he closed the door after the last one had filed in, "what about your letter?"

"Sure enough, the letter! In the excitement of the moment, even her first letter had been slipped into her pocket and forgotten. She dived after it, trying nervously to break the seal, just as Karl said,

"Perhaps the things and the letter belong together, somehow."

"How could they?" Christie asked sceptically; but the boy's thoughts had already gone off on in another line.

"They don't do it that way, Christie; they rip open the end, and leave the sealed part all tight; don't they, father? I've seen them open lots of letter at the depot. Here, take my knife, that will do it in a jiffy."

So the letter was opened, and properly too, and Christie sat down on Nettie's little settee to read it.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

I am afraid you have forgotten me, but your pleasant face is before me now very plainly. I don't easily forget my relatives. Perhaps you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, yet I promised myself that day when I made your acquaintance, that I would do myself the pleasure of writing to you before long. I have been longer about it than I meant; certain plans I had did not move as fast as I wanted them to. For one thing, I suppose I must have been very particular about a carpet"—

Here came interruptions.

"What's that?" asked Father Tucker.

"A carpet!" repeated Mother Tucker, as though she could not believe her own ears.

"There!" said Karl in triumph, "what did I tell you, Christie Tucker!" then forgetting that he was helping to make the delay, he exclaimed, "do read on!" and at the first opportunity Christie read on.

"You see I wanted just the sort of one you seemed to have in mind when you described it to me: 'ferns all over it, and red berries like what mother used to gather in the woods in the East.' Wasn't that the description?"

"That letter must be from a crazy man. What in the world is he talking about?" This was Mother Tucker's interruption, but Christie read on.

"I couldn't find the ferns, but the little red berries are there, and the leaves are very like some that I gathered in the woods in old Massachusetts in my boyhood, and I *shouldn't wonder if your mother would* recognize them. I was foolish enough not to ask the size of the parlor, so I could not have the carpet made; indeed, now I think of it, it does not seem altogether probable that you carried the size of the parlor around in your pocket, or even in that nice satchel; though as there seemed to come out of it *everything* that was needed for the comfort of us all, that Christmas day, I am not sure but I might have found what I wanted, if I had thought in time. We lose a great many things in this world by not thinking in time.

"Well, little woman, I will tell you what I hope; that there is enough of the carpet, not only for the *parlor*, but for that nice little room of your own; and I picked out a little bedstead and a little bureau and a little washstand with 'flowers growing all over them,' like the ones you didn't get to the city to see, and I matched the carpet as well as I could; so I really hope there will be enough for the room.

"There is one *article of furniture* about which I must tell you. It happens that that Governor with whom you had such a pleasant talk, is a particular friend of mine, and always steps in to see me when he comes to the city.

"One day he was in when I had a great many rolls of carpeting around, and was picking out the one I wanted, and I told him about my little relative, and our ride together, and the bandaged ankle, and the lost baby—or rather the lost mother—and Sarah Ann and the dinner; the truth is, it made quite a long story, and as the Governor remembered you distinctly, he seemed to enjoy it; in fact, he was so sorry for that baby that he wiped the tears from his eyes several times, and when I had finished, he said: 'See here, I would like to know if she isn't a relative of mine as well as yours? I belong to the same family; what is to hinder my sending her a Christmas present?' So we went together to the warerooms, and he selected those two large easy-chairs, which match the colors of the carpet, because he said he could see your father and mother sitting in them, and you looking on, much better pleased than though they just fitted your size. So the two chairs are from the Governor.

"Now, my dear little friend, you must not let your wise and unselfish heart go to fearing that a great deal of money has been spent on these things, or that they are wonderful in any way. The truth is, that I and my sons keep a large carpet and furniture warehouse in this city, and though the carpet is clean and bright, and in good order, and a favorite with me, it is one that the fashionable ladies, who come to select carpets, call "old style," and it has been in our carpet rooms a good while, and would be there much longer unless we should put it down below its value; for you see, people who are not very fashionable when they go to buy a new carpet, know just what the fashions are, and will not take anything else unless they can get it at so low a price that we might almost as well have the pleasure of giving it away. About the same story can be told of the furniture. The pieces all harmonize, but do not "match" I wonder if you are too young a woman to understand what I mean? I know this, you are not too young to get the dictionary and study out the meaning, and that I am sure you will do. Meantime, that good mother and father of yours will understand all about it, and will be quite willing to let the old gentleman enjoy himself and give you these few things for a Christmas reminder, since they are neither costly nor very important.

"What a long letter the old man is writing! And yet I want to make it just a little longer. I want to remind you, that since you and I are related, it follows that all our possessions, carpets, furniture, everything, belongs to our Elder Brother, and are to be used to help along his work. All pretty things, especially, should be used to help gather his children into his beautiful home, so, dear little sister, I hope as soon as ever the last tack is driven in the carpet, you will have planned a way to make its leaves and berries help in serving Him.

"There are ever so many ways in which even a carpet, and a bureau, and an easy-chair, can be made his servants, if those who have them in charge will take the trouble to study out the ways; this I feel sure you will do, and therefore send them, after all, in the name of our Elder Brother, as his gift, to be held in trust until he comes.

"Good-bye, little sister. It may be that I shall never see you again down here; if I don't and I get home first, as in view of my seventy-seven years it seems likely that I shall, I will try to be on the lookout for you, and we will talk things over with Him.

Your old friend and brother,

"THOMAS L. FLETCHER."

"For pity's sake!" said Mrs. Tucker, her face a curious mixture of bewilderment and pleasure.

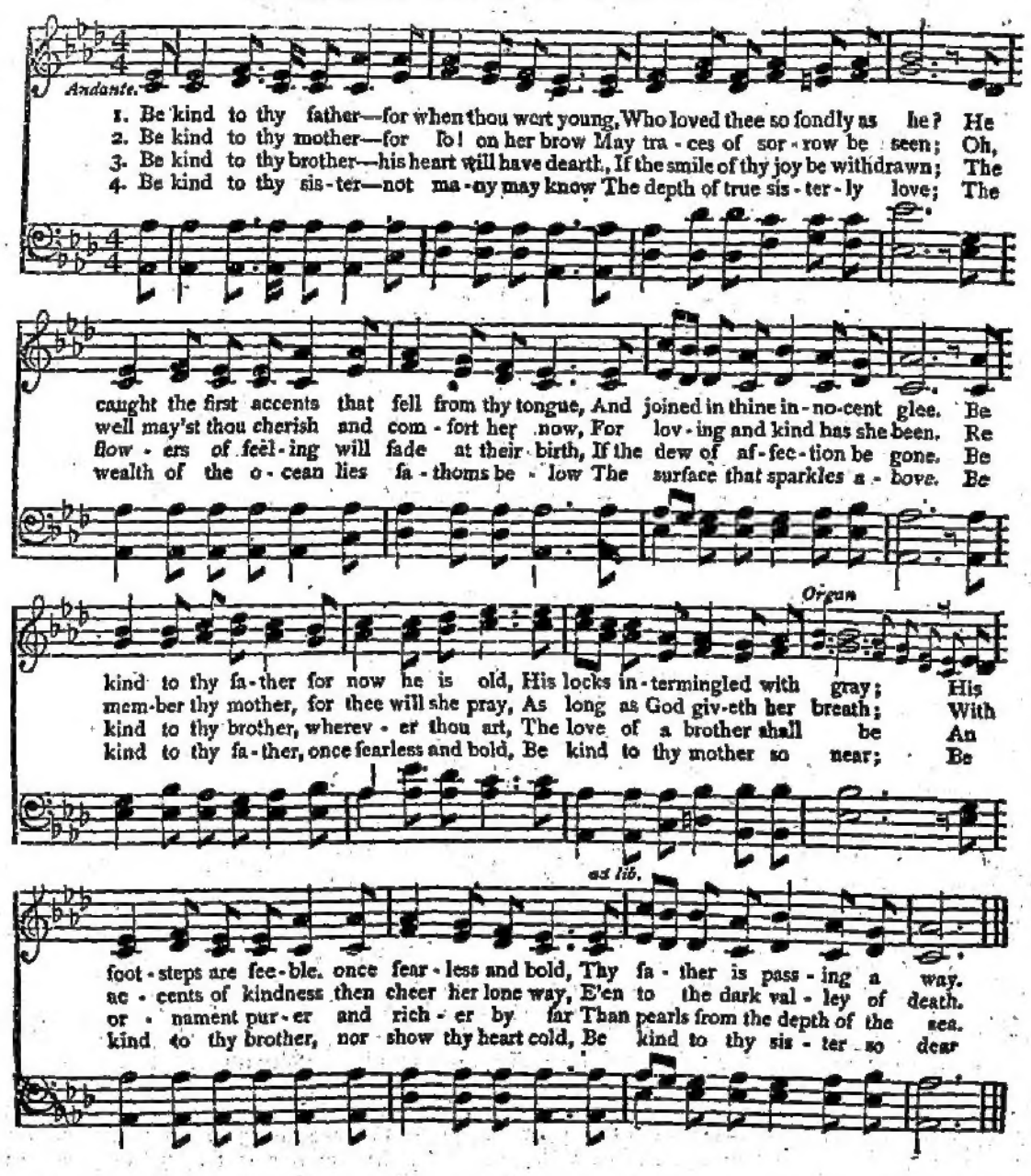
"Well, well, well!" said Father Tucker, "that beats all I ever heard of in my life. I know that name too; they have one of the biggest houses in the city, and they get their goods right from New York. Why, Christie, what does it all mean?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, "that is what I should like to know. What in the world did you tell him, child? About your wanting a carpet, and about my having carpets with ferns on them, and about furniture and all that? What queer talk to an old gentleman, and a stranger. How came you to?"

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong, mother." Christie's chin was quivering, and she could hardly control her voice to speak; the fatigues of the day and the excitements of the evening, were being almost too much for her, and at this word of her mother's, which seemed to have a note of reproof in it, she could hardly keep back the tears. "It all seemed real natural; we were there all day, you know, and we had nothing to do, and we couldn't help getting pretty well acquainted, and he asked me what I expected to see at Uncle Daniel's, what I had thought a good deal about and planned for, you know, and I couldn't tell him anything but the truth, though I didn't say much about a carpet or furniture, only that I would like to see some, like what uncle Daniel had; I said the most about a piano, but, mother, I did not dream of such a thing as his ever sending me anything; how could I?"

And here Christie quite broke down, and wiped two tears out of her eyes.

(To be Continued.)

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Andante.
1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fondly as he? He
2. Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be seen; Oh,
3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The
4. Be kind to thy sis - ter—not ma - ny may know The depth of true sis - ter - ly love; The
caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thine in - no-cent glee. Be
well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind has she been. Re
flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be
wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low The surface that sparkles a - bove. Be
Organ
kind to thy fa - ther for now he is old, His locks in - termingled with gray; His
mem-ber thy mother, for thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With
kind to thy brother, wherev - er thou art, The love of a brother shall be An
kind to thy fa - ther, once fearless and bold, Be kind to thy mother so near; Be
as lib.
foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a way.
ac - cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
or - nament pur - er and rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear

BLESSED *is he who* has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life.—*Carlyle.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Father Tucker never liked to see tears, and always made all the haste he could to dry them.

"It is my opinion, mother, from the tone of that letter, that our little girl didn't say anything to be ashamed of. The old gentleman seems to have quite as good an opinion of her as though she had not talked at all. I don't believe there is anything to worry about."

"Why, of course not," said Mrs. Tucker, promptly. She liked tears as little as anybody, especially in her eldest daughter's eyes. "Whoever thought of blaming Christie? I would as soon think of myself saying anything improper as of that child! I only felt kind of curious to know how it all came about. It is wonderful, anyhow But now I'll tell you just what will be a hard and a right thing to do; things that are right are often hard; Christie looks all tuckered out, and we ought just to wash these dishes, and straighten up the room, and get to bed; and not go near the front room until to-morrow morning."

"O mother!" said Karl. It seemed to him that he should fly up the chimney if he couldn't have a glimpse of some of those wonders in the front room before morning.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker firmly, "they will every one of them keep, and by daylight, when things are cleared up and comfortable, they will look as pretty again as they will to-night, and the children will enjoy it too; here is Nettie dropped asleep while that letter was being read. Christie, my girl, what do you say? Isn't it the thing to do?"

"Yes'm," said Christie rising, her face cleared. She had been astonished at and ashamed of her tears; she rarely cried unless she had something to cry for, and knew little about overwrought nerves. "I'll clear away, mother, and you can rest and get Nettie and the baby ready for bed. Come on, Karl, and carry these things out for me."

So brisk work commenced again in the little kitchen. The evening had sped away while they were looking and wondering and listening, and it was even now later than the Tucker children were apt to be awake. The brother and sister talked as they worked, even allowing themselves to guess as to what color the carpet might be, and what that sort of three-cornered thing was, that would neither stand up nor lie down

It was not until the kitchen was in perfect order, and the cakes were set for morning, and Karl had already gone to his room, and Christie, with her shoes in her hand, was ready to slip into the little bedroom beside Nettie, that she stopped before her mother and said:

"Mother, there is one thing I want to ask you about to-night. How can I ever do as the letter says about using the things? What good can I do with a pretty carpet or bedstead?"

The mother's face was thoughtful. She had been asking herself much the same question.

"I don't know, child," she said at last, slowly, a little sadly, "I never heard such talk as that before in my life. It seems kind of queer, and yet I liked it. I don't know much about such things, nor near as much as I wish I did. There must be ways of doing that we can find out. We'll ask Mr. Keith, maybe, or we'll study something up. It is a wonderful thing to happen to you, my girl. I guess there is a good deal in it to be proud of, if the real truth was known, but we mustn't be proud. We'll try to find out. You go to bed now, and mother will come in pretty soon and tuck you up."

So Christie went to her room, and knelt down only for a few minutes, for the room was cold—just long enough to ask God to forgive her for all the sins of the day, and take care of her and all her dear ones through the night, and to thank him for the wonderful thing that had happened to her, and to ask him to show her how to use the carpets and furniture as the letter said. Then she went to bed, and her mother came and tucked her up and kissed her, and neither mother nor daughter knew that the furniture had already begun to do work for Jesus, by awakening in these children of his a desire for work.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a wonder that the Tucker family had any breakfast the next morning! That great, bare, cold, front room, had such charms for them as were never known before. Yet they did not open a bundle nor even pull away some of the wrappings to catch a glimpse of the mysterious inside. They contented themselves with hovering on the outside of things, and saying to one another that they must wait until breakfast was over. But the younger members of the family took many trips from the kitchen to the front room to see if that bundle by the door was probably a chair or what.

"It is too big for a chair," Christie would say, "and yet it is too low for a table, or a bureau, and besides, it feels soft and cushiony; I can't think what it is."

Then Karl, in his greater knowledge of the world, would explain:

"It is a chair, you'll see if it isn't, and that one over by the south window is just like it—a great cushioned chair. They cushion them all over, arms, and sides, and back, and everywhere, so you can't see the wood at all, and would think it was made of feathers or something. I saw one at the depot. It was all done up in this yellow-brown stuff, but yet you could sit down in it, and Nick said it was a library chair that the Burtons wanted down for their parlor; he said it was all cushioned with green stuff that looked like velvet and had flowers on it."

The only answer that Christie made to this was a long-drawn sigh; it expressed her silent wonder over the lovely things that there were in the world; and her desire to see inside this great cushiony bundle was stronger than ever; but all she said was: "Oh, dear, the coffee is boiling over, I smell it!" Then she ran.

The next visit to the front room grew out of a discussion as to whether the bedstead was narrow enough to go in that little niche between the chimney and the door, in Christie's room.

Karl believed that it was, while Christie thought not; of course the only way was to go and measure it. Karl was right, and Christie in admiration asked him how he knew.

"Why, I measured it by my eye," he said. "Men do that way, you know; I am practising it. I measure most everything I see in my mind, you know, and try to calculate whether it will go in some place that I think of, and most always I guess it right. This is an exact fit."

Mother Tucker came in search of them to tell Karl that she needed another pail of water, and she sat down on the roll of carpeting, and helped them guess what colors were in it, and which way of the room it ought to run, until the kitchen stove took things into its own hands again, and a smell of burning potatoes was wafted in at the open door. Then they all ran.

Breakfast was over at last. Christie was surprised to discover that she was not hungry at all, and she raised a hearty laugh by asking her father if he would have a piece of carpet, when she meant johnny-cake.

"Now bustle around," said Mother Tucker, "and get the dishes washed up as fast as you have a mind to, and then we will all go in and see things. Father can get in from the barn by that time, and Karl can finish his chores and be all ready to help us. Won't that be the best way, my girl?"

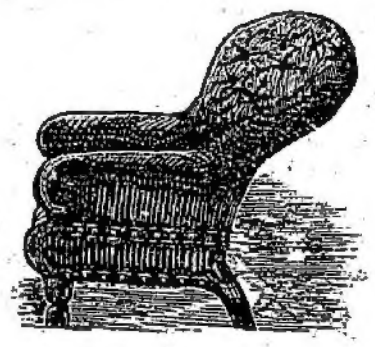
And Christie, piling the cups and saucers together in haste, smothered a sigh of impatience and said "she guessed" it would. There was no family worship in the Tucker household. Away back in Mrs. Tucker's Eastern home, the family used to gather every morning for the father to read in the Bible and pray. Mrs. Tucker often thought of it, and felt sorry to see her children growing up without any such memories. But Mr. Tucker was not a Christian, and she had never learned to pray before him nor before her children. So the children who had never been away from home a night in their lives, did not so much as know of this custom which belongs to Christian families.

So on this morning, each one sped at once to his or her work, and made all possible haste. And at last they met in the front room, and the business of untying knots, and ripping basting stitches, and unrolling burlaps, and wrapping papers, went on briskly amid constant exclamations of surprise and delight. A bedstead with real flowers growing on it! At least that was the way they looked to Christie. A soft greenish ground, and pink fuchsias, bobbing their heads up and down on it! A bureau to match, with a lovely glass set in an oval frame to fit on it. A charming bureau, washstand, with drawers and locks; all with these wonderful flowers growing on the polished wood. Then there were the chairs to match the other pieces, and the cunning little stand to match them all. There was a centre-table for the parlor, and a sofa, or rather couch—if they had known the proper name for it—which had the most lovely covering that Christie had ever even imagined. She stood before it in wondering silent delight, but Mrs. Tucker said: "There, Christie, now you can see brussels carpeting. That is real brussels. Don't you see the flowers all over it, just as I told you? That is the way your aunt Mary's carpet used to look in Boston."

But by this time Karl was giving a peculiar little clucking noise with his tongue and his cheeks, which Christie knew meant wonder and delight. She turned quickly, just as he said, "Chris, look here!"

He had thrown aside the wrappings of the cushiony bundle, and behold a great arm-chair, the like of which none of them had ever seen before, upholstered until it was, as Mr. Tucker declared, as good as any old-fashioned feather bed he ever saw, and covered with soft green cloth that actually had flowers stamped on it! It must certainly be much like the one at Burtons' that Nick had described, but think of it standing in their front room!

"Mother," said Christie, her face aglow, her voice in a tremble of excitement, "sit down in it; oh, mother, do. I want to see how you look."



MOTHER TUCKER'S CHAIR.

"For pity's sake!" said Mrs. Tucker, which was what she always said when she did not know how to express her feelings. "Why, it is large enough for the whole family to sit in at once. Dear me! It must be stuffed with feathers! I never saw anything softer, and it just fits into your back. I could sleep here as well as not. Come up here, baby, there is room for you."

So the baby climbed gleefully into the great, soft corner, and Nettie climbed to the other side, and behold there was room for both! But Karl had dashed at the other "cushiony bundle," and in a very few minutes he wheeled it forward and said, "Father, take a seat."

(To be Continued.)

CONSCIENTIOUSLY HONEST.

BY MRS. M. B. BELL.

Joe Foster stood by the window of the apartment house, and looked down into the street. It seemed as if a great panorama, with many shifting scenes, was spread out before him, but although he looked at them, it was unconsciously, for, in reality, he did not see any of the minutiæ of it.

The horses attached to the cars toiled along with the same weary steps that they had gone on in for many weary days, and months, and years. Here was a great truck full of beer barrels; there a butcher's boy drove with reckless haste; here a dray full of packing boxes came into view; and there a baby's funeral passed by. But Joe took no more note of them than he did of the many pedestrians who were hurrying so fast to accomplish their multitudinous errands. Instead, with one hand thrust into a pocket, and the other tarumming upon the window-sash, he was whistling softly and unknowingly.

His mother was tired, sad, nervous; and out of a very busy day she had appropriated an hour for a much needed rest. The hour meant a good deal to her just then, for the boys and girls were all out, and with the lull in the tramp of the busy little feet, there was a shadow of a prospect of rest and quiet. The buzz and bustle in the street was a far remove from quiet, but her ears had become so attuned to all of that confusion that she did not notice it.

But Joe's tap upon the window, and worse than all his whistle, were too much; and with a dread of some of her noisy flock coming in at any moment, she had to stop it. All she said was "Joe, dear!"

In an instant the boy was alert, and before the instant had passed his arms were around her neck.

"Mother, do excuse me, I was very careless to forget that you wanted to be quiet."

"I know you did, my boy, and if you will not be offended I will add that your hugs are a good deal as they say a young bear's are apt to be."

"So they are," Joe answered. "But I did not rumple your collar much—see. I will give it a little pat, and it will be as smooth as ever. Do you want to read, mother?" he added, handing to her the book that his caress had caused her to drop.

"No, my lad, there is a history being worked out in your brain that is far more interesting to me at this moment than that of the "United Netherlands." Get the stool and come, your confessor is waiting, and has no doubt that full absolution can be given."

Joe brought the stool and sat down.

"Do you know, mother, that you really have too much faith in me?"

"So? I think not," Mrs. Foster answered, as she smoothed the boy's hair.

"But you will when you know that I have indulged for a moment the temptation to do, or rather to help even in a passive manner to do what is not just right."

"Give me your hand and look into my eyes, Joe, and we will pass judgment upon this matter. I do thank God that my boy has never yet been unable to look me in the eye when he has had any confession to make. You cannot go very far wrong while you can bring your words or misdeeds to be looked at by the eye of your loving mother, eh, Joe?"

"That is just what I believed, mammy dear," he answered with a kiss.

"Thank you, darling; now, what is the trouble?"

"It is the temptation, or was; for I have put it aside; my telling you will be, however, an amen for it. The other day I was at my desk in the office, addressing some letters for the mail, when Mr. Hoy (who is in the same business as our firm), sent for me. He wanted me to engage with him at a higher salary than I am getting at present."

Joe paused, and Mrs. Foster said:

"And?"

Then Joe smiled as he finished her sentence:

"And I declined."

"You must have had a good reason, Joe," Mrs. Foster said.

"I had. The temptation was rolled up in the fact that if I had more salary I could help you more, but my conscience forbade me to accept the offer."

"What was the matter, dear?" Mrs. Foster inquired.

"The matter is, that the gentleman sweats his accounts. Of course, mother, you do not know what that is."

"Yes, I do. You mean that he exaggerates the——"

"That is it. The books show one set of facts, but the actual truth tells another. I cannot bear the idea of anything that is dishonest, all must be fair and square. I do hope that you will not think that the temptation (as I called it), to go to him was any evidence that I indorsed anything that was crooked. I was only talking to myself a bit, and wondering if I could afford to work for a man who was not a strictly honest man, even though, as would be the case, I would never see his books at all. And I soon decided that I could not."

"You were quite right, Joe. In God's sight there are but two lines of action—honest and dishonest. You believe in God, therefore you are bound to remember that to be in the world, and yet to be unspotted by the sins and follies of dishonest people, you must feel as if the eye of your heavenly Father was upon you; and never do anything that you would be ashamed to have him see."

"Thank you, mother dear, you are as you always are, entirely right; and——"

The children came trooping in, and although Mrs. Foster did not hear the end of his sentence, she was proud to remember that Joe was as conscientiously honest as she could possibly desire.—*Christian at Work.*

"TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED."

"Well, Joe," so one sturdy, rugged-faced laborer accosted another, as they turned out in the early gray of a November morning to their work on a farm at some distance; "you'll be glad to hear as I've turned over a new leaf lately!"

"How's that, Will?"

"Why, I've give' up 'Swan and Fiddle,' and I brings my wages home reg'lar Saturday nights to my missus; and I've joined one o' them tem'prance things, and got a grand card hung up i' the kitchen; and I goes to church o' Sundays, and does my dooty all round. There!"

"I'm glad to hear it," the other answered, doubtfully; "but what about the old leaves, Will? There was a deal writ on our old leaves as 'ud go sadly agen you and me at the day of judgment. What have ye done about the old leaves, lad?"

"Why, I make no doubt but God'll let by-gones be by-gones," answered the other, a little uneasily. "A man can't change the past to please him, however hard he may try. I'm beginning in the narrow way now though—'workin' out my own salvation,' doesn't it say?"

"Then you've got it, Will! I'm right glad to hear it."

"Got what? I'm only gettin', I tell ye."

"Got salvation—your sins forgiven—Jesus as your Saviour!"

"Nay, I ain't, I wish I had! I'm gettin' it only."

"But I thought you said you was 'workin' out your own salvation,' Will? I don't understand you! You can't 'work out' what you ain't got. 'Your own' means that it's yours already. Our parson was speakin' about that very tex' at the Bible-readin' last Sunday, and he made it ever so clear. He said, if you're to 'work out your own salvation,' you must see that it belongs to you first. Nobody'd ever say, 'Go, and work out your bit o' land unless it was your own to work on. It 'ud be trespassin'!—Ay, and that's just what it is, Will,—you're trespassin' on God's ground—tryin' to work, where it's all his work; tryin' to step over the hedge, and get for yourself what he's promised to give you for the askin'! And you've no right of way. But with God it's just like them words on the notice board i' yon orchard: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted with all the rigor of the law.' Don't you see, Will, that you'll never be able to be saved as you want. The sins that lie along the way of your life behind you are quite enough to pitch you into hell right away, though you mended every bit of the way ahead fair and good. Because they're behind don't make no difference. Though you can't see 'em, God can. It's never no manner of use turnin' over a new leaf, if the old ones is still left underneath to bear witness against us."

"There—don't go jawing on any longer about it!" put in the other somewhat surlily. "Say how ye do think a man's to be saved instead."

Joe's face showed a sober thoughtfulness for one moment, that meant silent prayer to God for words to answer his friend; then he said earnestly:—

"If I believe that Jesus Christ died for my sins—that is, in my place; and that He has risen again for my justification—why, then I am saved! Jesus, dying for me, blots out those old sins that cry out against my soul; Jesus risen for me, makes me just before God—forgiving me all the sins I have to grieve over daily when I bring them to God in His name. It means that I am safe now."

"Now?"

"Ay, surely; for 'he that believeth on Me'—the Lord says—'hath everlasting life.' He don't say 'shall have,' and he don't mean it, neither!"

"Well, that's news to me—if you've got it right, mate!"

"I thought so, Will. And then—when you're safe—comes in the tex' we was talkin' about, 'Work out your own salvation.' We can work as much as we like then—it's lawful ground—and we must—for love and gratitude! We are to try to come nearer and nearer to God in His strength, as our parson said. We are to do all for Him. We are always to seek His glory. Ay, and he said too, we are saved already, when we believe on Jesus, from sin's punishment, because He paid the price; but we have to seek to be saved more and more from sin's power, day by day. Will, a thought came to me very strong as he was speakin'. A saved man is like some one who has been saved from a shipwreck by havin' a rope tied fast round his waist, and the end fastened up on to the top of a steep cliff. He has to climb up the cliff before he can reach his home; but the rope round his waist keeps him safe, and leaves his arms free to hold on to the rocks, and push his way up. Now, you're tryin' to climb the rock without the rope, Will; and you'll never be safe while you do. You've more than enough to do to hold on with both hands, and you never get a step higher; besides this, you're likely every moment to get thrown down into the waves below you. Get hold of the rope, man! Take Jesus for your Saviour! and then hug your tex' if you like, and obey it with all your might! Shall we kneel down here, lad, and tell the Lord you want to be saved?"

"Here, Joe?"

"Yes. Shall we do it?"

"Nay. But I'll promise to think on what you've said, and if I find you're right I'll do as you say. Pray for me, Joe!"

"Ay, I do, mate. God bless you!"

It was the last talk they ever had on the subject. That very evening, as the two friends were working together, Joe, the happy Christian laborer, to whom salvation was a beautiful present, gift and possession, was called into the presence of his beloved Master. He fell from the top of the stack in a sudden fit, and was killed in the fall.

Will carried the lifeless body to its home, and there, when he had laid it on the bed, he knelt beside it himself and cried aloud from the depths of his soul:—

"Lord, thou art merciful indeed that thou hast spared me hitherto. Had I been in Joe's place I must have been lost forever. Lord, I have been a trespasser upon thy grounds—working where thou hadst done all by Jesus. I give myself up to thee here—poor sinner! O spare me, and give me thy salvation now! Show me that Jesus died for me, and has forgiven me my sins!"

That is a prayer, wrung from poor sinners' hearts, that God is pledged never to cast out. Will is a Christian man now, safe and happy. He is living out his text faithfully and earnestly.

Do we never fall into Will's mistake, and trespass upon God's ground, working for our own salvation, instead of accepting Christ's work for us? Do we never work to get salvation, instead of working because we are saved? Then let us remember and consider Joe's rough but true word; "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." If we will not have grace we shall have law—God's sentence upon those who will not hear him.—*British Messenger.*

HER PLACE.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

"There's no use, Aunt Emma. I can't think of anything that I do well enough to earn a living at it. I surely can't wash, as most of the heroines in stories do, and as surely can't teach school or 'tend in a store, and there are more to sew now than are needed. What I shall do, is a conundrum over which I've been puzzling this three weeks. I seem to be no nearer its solution, but I'll never give it up. Somewhere in this world there's a place for me, and I'll find it yet!"

From the look of determination on the speaker's face one might be sure she would make good her words.

"You know you are welcome to stay here, dear, forever if you like. We would all be glad to have you."

"I know, Aunt Emma, I feel very grateful to you for all your kindness, more grateful than I can express, but you don't need me and if I stayed it would be as a dependent on your charity, and my father's daughter could never fill that position gracefully."

There was silence for a time, as the two ladies sewed busily, the elder with a steady, restful manner like one who, having found her place in life, takes placid content as well as her life's work therein. The younger, with rapid, impatient fingers, and a brow clouded by thought.

At length she folded the garment on which she had been working, laid it on the pile beside her, and carried them all to her aunt. That lady said, "Thank you," and looked at the neatly mended garments with a most gratified air, saying as she did so:

"Well, my dear, you needn't feel that you are dependent on me while you mend like that, for you are worth your weight in gold. Two or three of those garments—now as good as new, thanks to your skill—would have gone for rags, for positively I can't find time to do all of such work that needs to be done, but do what I can and let the rest go."

Laura said she was glad she had helped her, and turned to go, with the same preoccupied thoughtful look. She had taken but a few steps when she paused, turned toward her aunt and exclaimed:

"Does every housekeeper have as much mending as you, aunt?"

"Why, yes," that lady replied, wonderingly, "more usually, and ever so much more where there are children."

"Then that's my business. I'll go from house to house and mend."

"What are you talking about child?"

"I'll show you in a week or two."

In the *Daily Record* two days later, there appeared the following:

"Miss Laura Baldwin, No. 8, B. St., will mend and repair neatly at the homes of those who desire her services, for fifteen cents per hour. Telephone connection."

"The idea took," as the saying goes, and Laura soon had her hands full, while her aunt said comically that the telephone bell rung incessantly. A handsome hand bag contained an assortment of silks and thread, scissors, thimble, etc., and with this equipment Laura went from place to place earning a comfortable livelihood.

She made it a rule from the first that not one word of gossip should be told her at any house, and when she went from Mrs. B.'s to Mrs. A.'s she was dumb as an oyster in response to all inquiries, were they never so smoothly worded. People soon found this out, and she was welcomed wherever she went, keeping all her old friends and making more. So daily she walked her pleasant, independent way. Her bank account grew, and her purse allowed her luxuries for herself and gifts to others, and she laughingly assured her aunt that her place once found was vastly comfortable.—*Household.*

Question Corner.—No. 6.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are we told that God did not spare even the angels who sinned?
2. What two eminent men did the Jews force to go with them into Egypt, after the rebellion against Gedaliah?
3. Where is Jesus called our High Priest?
4. On what occasion did Joshua first distinguish himself?
5. What miracle was performed by our Saviour that the greatest prophet of the Old Testament had not worked?
6. Where does Jesus show that affliction is not a sign that the sufferer is a greater sinner than those not similarly tried.

DIBLE EXERCISE.

Find out the names of the following people and places, each beginning with D and ending with S.

1. The town to which Abraham's steward Eliezer belonged.
2. The king who caused search to be made in the house of the rolls for Cyrus' decree.
3. One who made silver shrines for Diana.
4. The surname of the disciple who was not present at Christ's first appearance.
5. A woman full of good works and almsdeeds.
6. One who loved the present world and forsook Paul.
7. A woman who believed Paul when he spoke of the resurrection.
8. The region of ten cities.
9. The Areopagite who heard Paul preach and believed.
10. One mentioned by John who loved to have the pre-eminence.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

1. In Eph. vi. 13—17; 2 Cor. vi. 7; and Heb. iv. 12.
2. Psalms vii., xvii., xxvi., and xxxvi.
3. In Ps. lxxxiv. 11 and in Isa. lx. 19, 20; Rev. xxi. 23; xxii. 5; Isa. xxiv. 23.
4. The Church of Ephesus (Revelation i. 11; Eph. i. 1).
5. Jehosheba, or Jehoshabeath, daughter of Jehoram, King of Judah, who married the high priest, Jehoiada (2 Chron. xxii. 11; 2 Kings xi. 2.)
6. To the Church of Laodicea (Colossians iv. 16).

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

BENJAMIN.—GEN. xlii. 28.

1. B-ildad	Job viii. 20.
2. E-liphaz	Job xxii. 27.
3. N-ahum	Nahum i. 7.
4. J-ude	Jude i. 21.
5. A-mos	Amos v. 4.
6. M-oses	Deut. xxxiii. 27.
7. I-saiah	Isa xxvi. 4.
8. N-ehemiah	Neh. viii. 10.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Annie Rothwell and R. J. D.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The publishers of the books which we advertised as premiums write us that the supply, except of three or four, is exhausted. We are, therefore, obliged to ask those workers who have earned them to be patient for a short time until another consignment is received. The books will then be forwarded without delay.

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